

# JOHNNY HEADSTRONG'S

TRIP TO



DRAWINGS BY  
W. BRUTON

# CONEY ISLAND

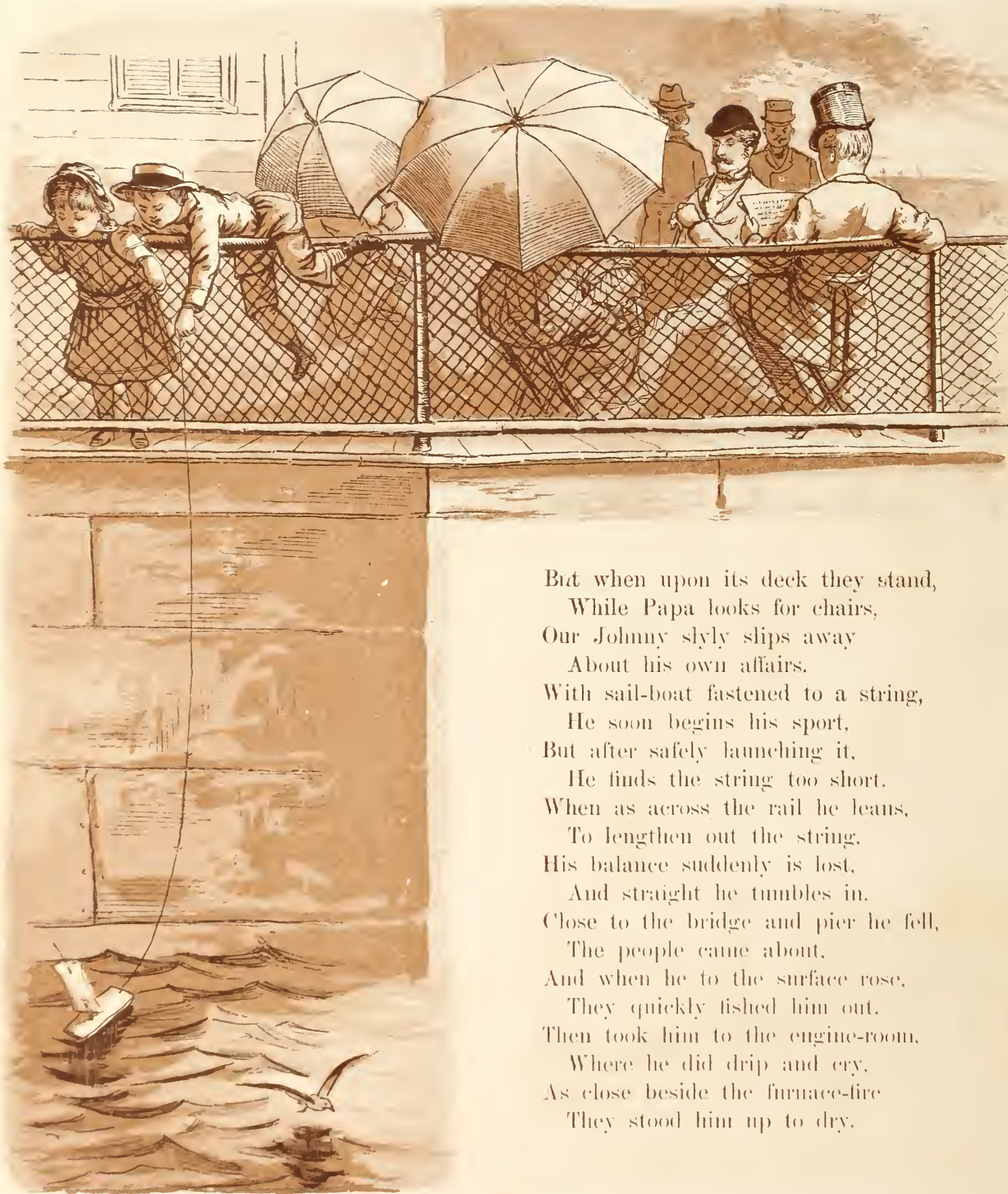
McLOUGHLIN BROS. N.Y.



# Johnny Headstrong's Trip To Coney Island

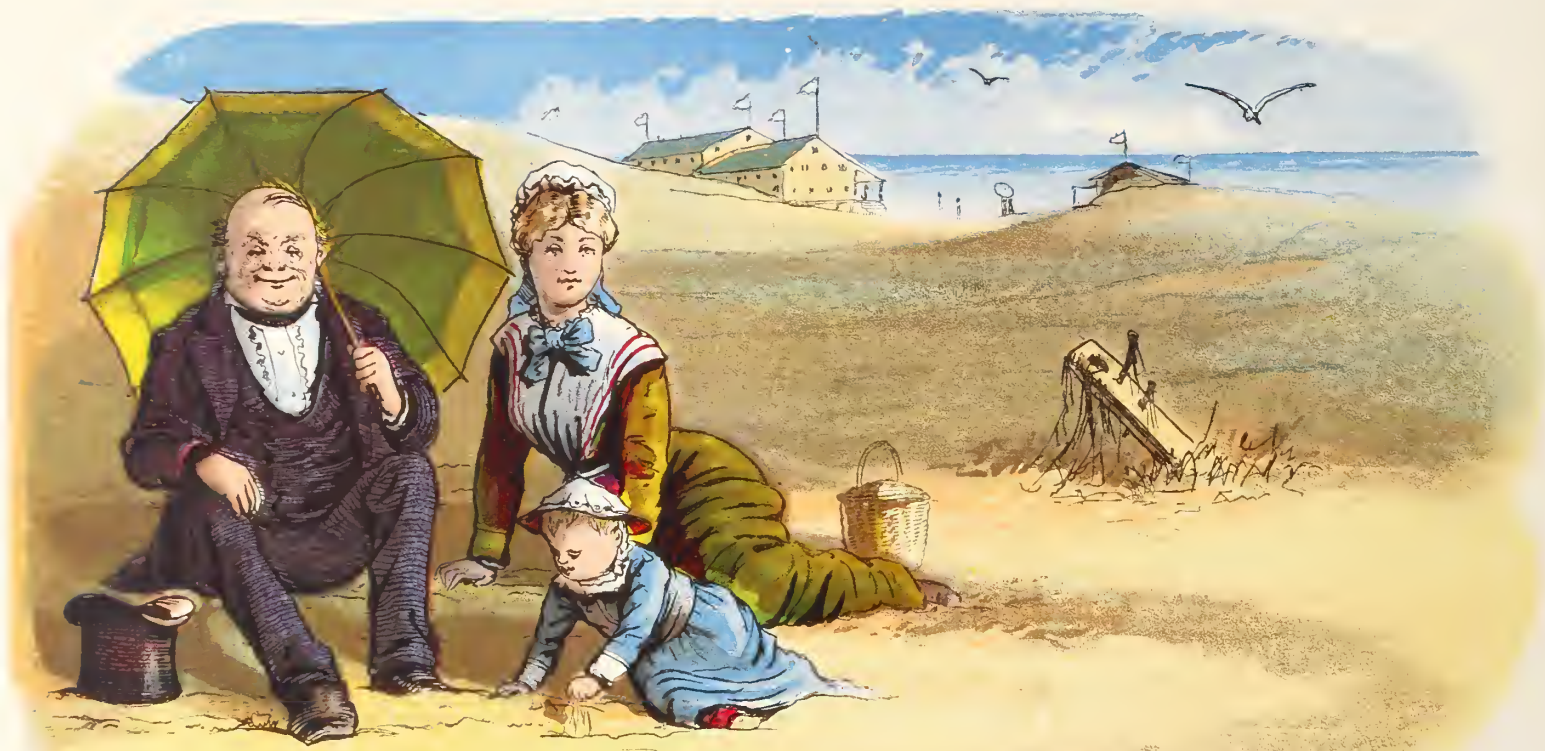
A KINDLY man, of good repute  
 And wealth, was Neighbor Brown,  
 "To Coney Island beach," said he,  
 "Dear children, we'll go down,  
 Nurse Becky, too, shall go along,  
 For pleased she'll surely be  
 To see you tumble on the sand  
 And paddle in the sea.  
 Now Becky, put them all to bed  
 Without the least delay,  
 That they may in the morning rise  
 In proper trim for play."  
 When little Johnny heard these words,  
 To bed he would not go,  
 Said he, "If I should sleep too long  
 I'd miss the boat" you know.  
 But Nurse succeeded in the end,  
 In coaxing him to bed,  
 Where dreams about to-morrow's joys  
 Went dancing thro' his head.  
 'Tis morning now, all washed and drest  
 Behold them on the pier,  
 They see the steamer near at hand,  
 They hear its whistle clear.





But when upon its deck they stand,  
While Papa looks for chairs,  
Our Johnny slyly slips away  
About his own affairs.  
With sail-boat fastened to a string,  
He soon begins his sport,  
But after safely launching it,  
He finds the string too short.  
When as across the rail he leans,  
To lengthen out the string,  
His balance suddenly is lost,  
And straight he tumbles in.  
Close to the bridge and pier he fell,  
The people came about,  
And when he to the surface rose,  
They quickly fished him out.  
Then took him to the engine-room,  
Where he did drip and cry,  
As close beside the furnace-fire  
They stood him up to dry.

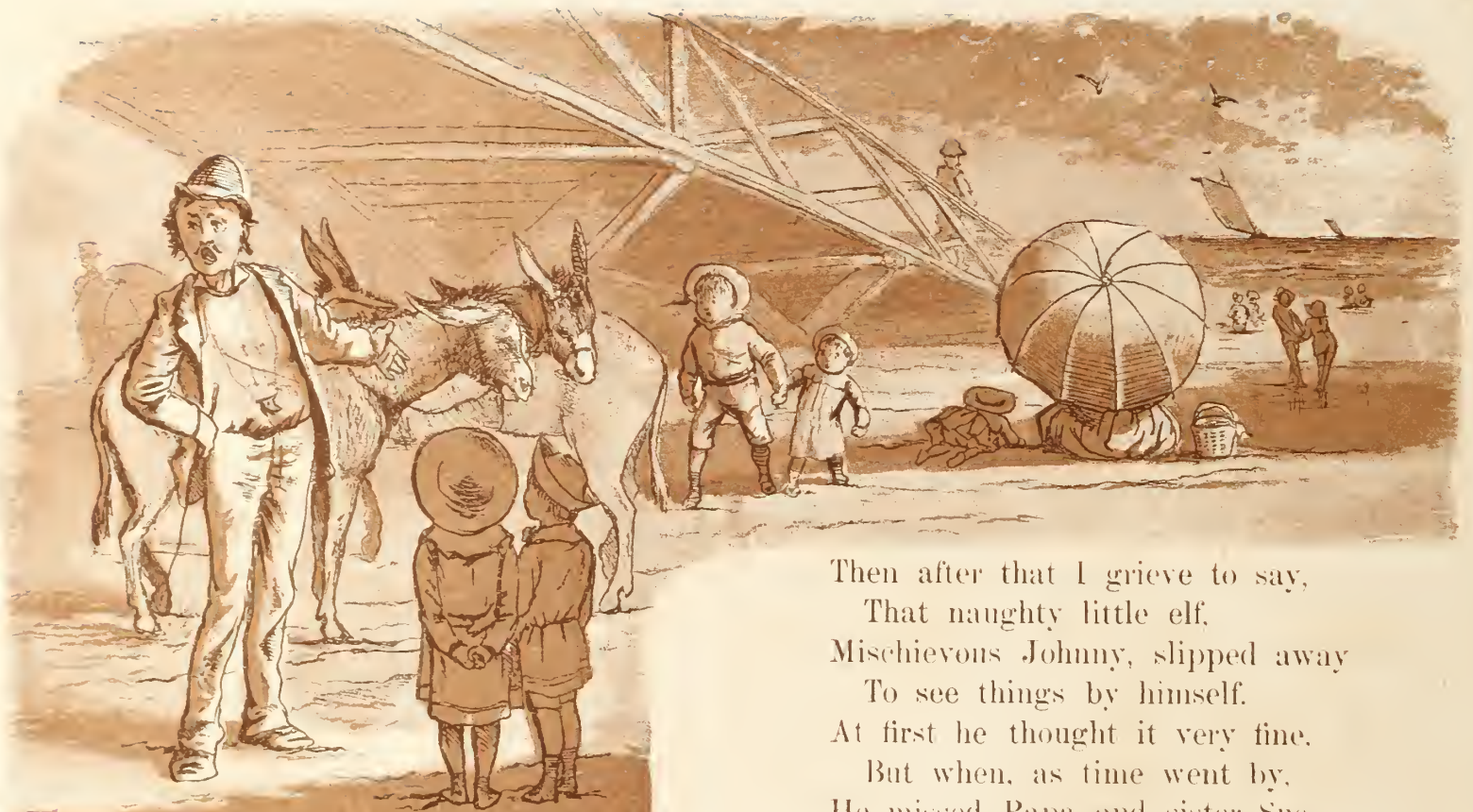




At length they reach the shining beach,  
The children shout and run,  
While Papa, with umbrella sits,  
To shade him from the sun.  
With dresses up, and spades in hand,  
They scoop out sandy caves,  
And dabble with their little feet  
Among the rippling waves.  
And there for little clams they search,  
And stars, with fingers five,  
For soldier-crabs and fishes small,  
Which wiggle all alive.  
Till Papa said, "Now, dry your feet,  
Put on your socks and shoes,  
We've many other things to see,  
And little time to lose."  
Then off they went, and soon they saw,  
A platform near the ground,  
With wooden horses, cocks and hens,  
Which all went whirling round.  
And Sue and Johnny clapt their hands,  
As gaily they did ride,  
While like a lady Susie sat,  
But Johnny rode astride.





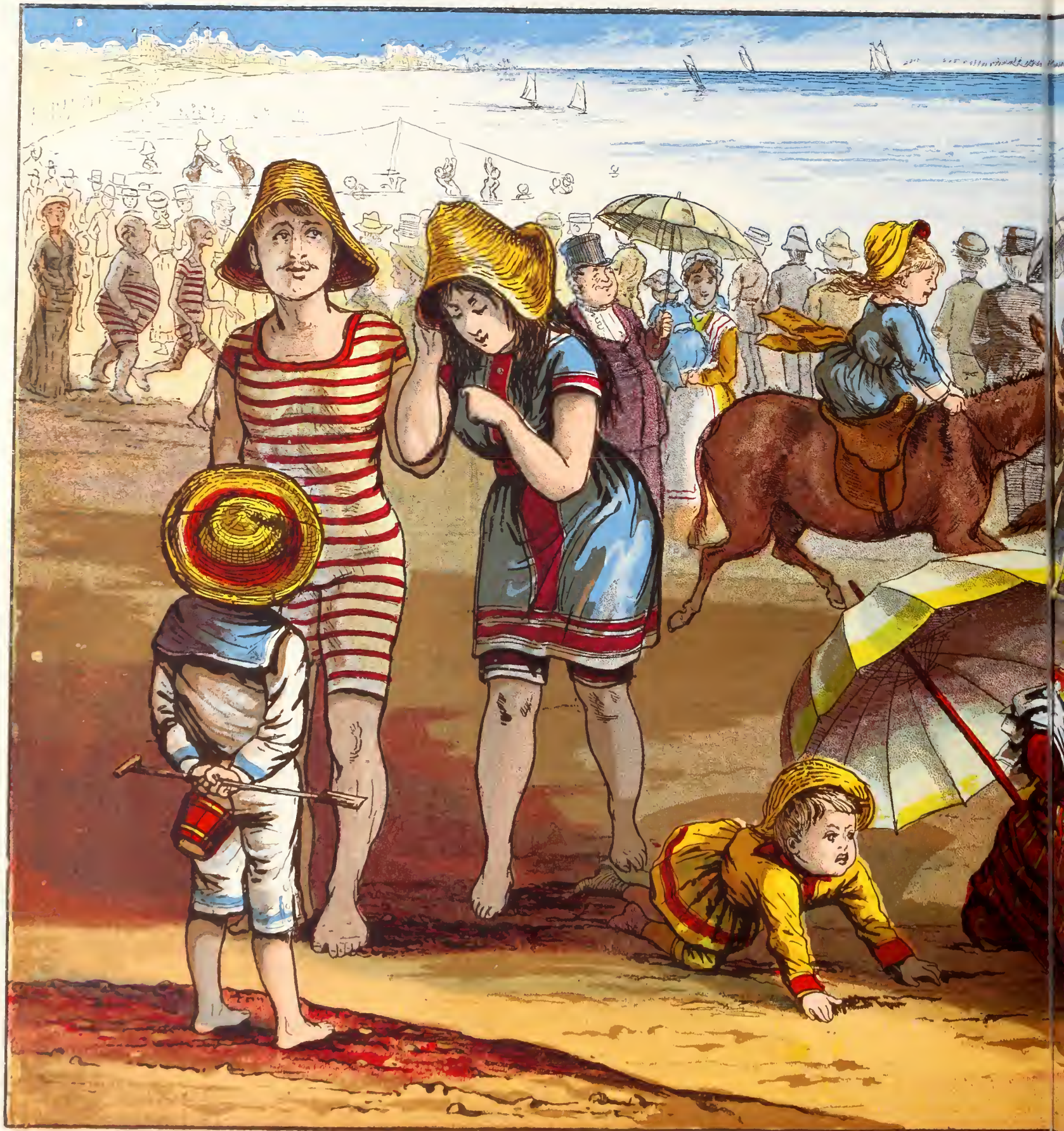


Then after that I grieve to say,  
That naughty little elf,  
Mischievous Johnny, slipped away  
To see things by himself.  
At first he thought it very fine,  
But when, as time went by,  
He missed Papa and sister Sue,  
He soon commenced to cry.  
A kindly crowd then gathered round,  
"Cheer up, my little man,"  
They said, while down his chubby face  
The big tears slowly ran.  
"We'll put you on this donkey fine,  
With stirrups at his side,  
Where Papa, Nurse, and sister Sue,  
Can see you, as you ride."  
And then they lift our Johnny up,  
Who soon forgets his fears,  
The driver shouts and plies his stick,  
The donkey brays and rears,  
Upsets an apple-woman stont,  
Who startles those around,  
As more alarmed than hurt, she shrieks,  
And rolls upon the ground.  
Soon, Papa looking everywhere  
With searching, anxious glance,  
His son, among the noisy group  
Beheld by happy chance.









JOHNNY HEADSTRONG RIDES THE DOK



KEY, AND UPSETS THE APPLE WOMAN.



And when the donkey stopt at last,  
 And Johnny down did slide,  
 His Papa boxed him on the ears,  
 And ended thus his ride.  
 But this was all forgotten when  
 They reached a gorgeous tent,  
 That held "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH,"  
 And into it they went.  
 And there they saw the giant tall,  
 In soldier's clothes arrayed,  
 The sweet Circassian-girl—from Cork,  
 Who, with the serpent played.  
 Then off to the menagerie,  
 They haste with noisy glee,  
 Where beasts and birds, and learned seals,  
 And monkeys wise, they see.  
 There, Johnny watched the nimble apes,  
 And poked them with a stick,  
 To stir them up, and make them jump,  
 He thought a funny trick.  
 But as he came too near the cage,  
 A large and savage pair  
 Of chattering apes, reached thro' the bars  
 And seized him by the hair.







Escaped from this, they next espied,  
 Where fluttered in the wind  
 A painted canvas, with a hole,  
 Thro' which a negro grimed.  
 But ev'ry time a ball was thrown,  
 He dodged away his face,  
 And downward turned his woolly crown,  
 To suffer in its place.  
 Our Johnny waited for a shot,  
 But when his turn came round,  
 The ball flew wide and struck a boy,  
 Who dropped upon the ground.  
 Then Johnny pale and trembling stood,  
 In terror at the sight,  
 He thought the boy would surely die,  
 And sobbed with childish fright.  
 But Papa with some whisky came,  
 And, helped by those around,  
 He rubbed the boy, who soon again  
 Rose smiling from the ground.







Next Johnny takes a swing with Sue.  
And thro' the air they fly.  
While Papa cries with anxious voice,  
"Don't let it go so high."

But heedless Johnny jerks the rope,  
Which, slipping through his hand  
He, from the swing, with force is thrown  
Upon the yielding sand.

But tho' it was both soft and deep  
Where luckless Johnny fell,

His nose and chubby cheeks were cut  
By bits of broken shell.

They raised him quickly from the ground,  
And soothed his sobs and groans,  
Then carefully examined him,  
In search of broken bones.

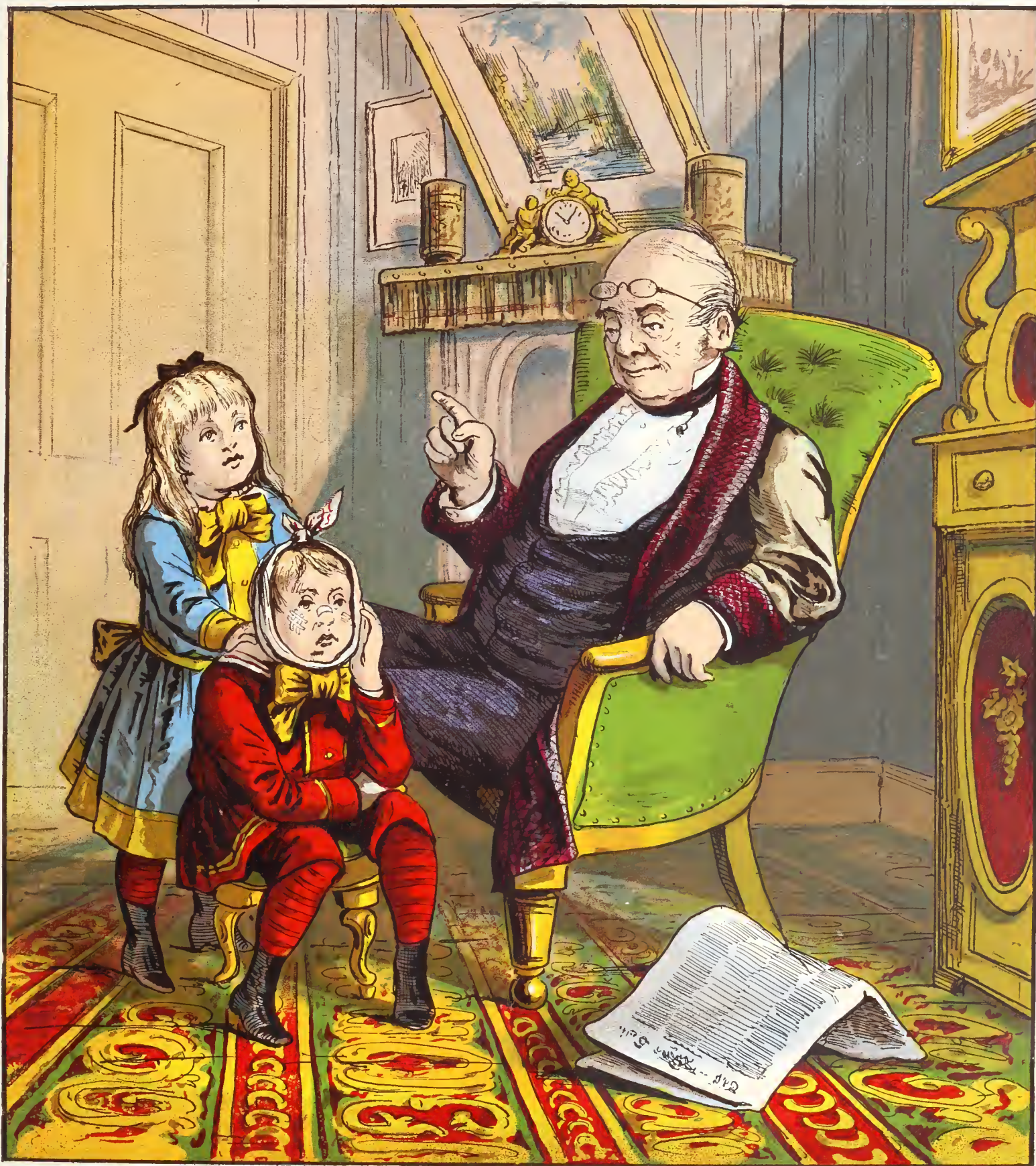




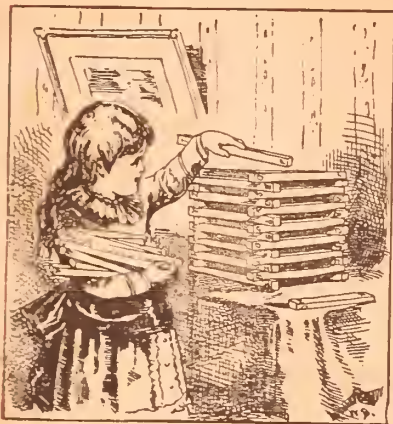




But finding none, they gently dressed  
The sadly injured face,  
Then, Papa said, "The sun is low,  
'Tis time we left this place."  
So tired out, but happy still,  
They haste toward the bay,  
Where, chafing at the iron pier  
The puffing steamer lay.  
And soon they reach their pleasant home,  
Where after taking tea,  
Papa sits in his easy-chair,  
His children at his knee.  
And then, with finger gravely raised,  
To Johnny he did say,  
"You see what comes to heedless boys  
Whene'er they disobey—  
But, if you truly promise me  
You'll run away no more,  
Perhaps, some day, we'll go again  
To Couey Island Shore."



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